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**THE LIBERATOR.**

IS SLAVERY LESS SLAVERY IN A CHRISTIAN THAN IN A

MAHOMETAN COUNTRY? I entreat your attention, while

I plead the general cause of humanity. In such a

cause, it is right to appeal to your sensibility, as well

as to your reason. It is now no longer time to flatter

petty tyrants, by acknowledging that color constitutes

a legitimate title for holding men in abject and

perpetual bondage. —HUMPHREYS.

**LETTERS ON SLAVERY.**

ADDRESSED TO

MR. THOMAS RANKIN,

Merchant at Middlebrook, Augusta Co. Va.

BY JOHN RANKIN,

Pastor of the Presbyterian Churches of Rip-

ley and Strait-creek, Brown Co. Ohio.

LETTER VII.

AFFECTIONATE BROTHER:—I must still

continue to unfold the extent of the slaveholder's

power over his slaves.

In addition to what we have already said upon

this subject, we remark that slaves are moral a-

gents, and therefore are accountable creatures,

and bound to worship God according to the dic-

tates of his word; but a wicked master may ac-

tually prohibit them from obeying the ordinances

of God, deprive them of hearing the gospel, and

even compel them to do what is absolutely for-

bidden by the divine law, and what is entirely

contrary to the dictates of their own consciences.

And thus he is permitted to tyrannize over the

conscience of men, which is the worst of all tyr-

anny. The rights of conscience have, by all good

men in every age of the world, been deemed

most sacred. For them thousands of our ances-

tors beyond the great water shed the last drop of

their blood, and for them thousands more fled to

the savage wilderness of America, and have here

erected the standard of religious liberty. 'They

have made the solitary places glad, and the wild-

erness to blossom as the rose.' But in this now

highly favored land, thousands of innocent men

are enslaved, and deprived of the rights of con-

science. They are, in many instances, prohib-

ited from attending either to the concerns of their

own souls, or those of their children. And nothing

but some extraordinary exercise of divine sover-

eignty can prevent the wicked slaveholder from

fixing the eternal destiny of his slaves! 'To give

fallen men such absolute control over the eternal

destinies of the immortal mind is cruel beyond all

description! You perhaps may reply, that parents

exercise a similar control over the destinies of

their children; and that expressly by divine

permission. 'To this I answer that the absolute

power of parents over their children is sweetly

tempered with parental affection; and is thus

strongly guarded against injurious effects, and it

extends no further than minor age, and they are

solemnly commanded to use it with lenity, and

to bring up their 'Children in the nurture and

admonition of the Lord.' Hence it is evident

that the power of slaveholders over their slaves,

and that of parents over their children are es-

entially different—the one, is mild, natural and

necessary, and the other is unnatural, unnecessary

and cruel.

Again, the proprietors of slaves may exact from

them excessive labor, and thus lay upon them an

intolerable burden during life. It is well known

that many masters are so avaricious that they

cannot be satisfied with a reasonable quantity of

labor. The manner in which these unfeeling

monsters exact labor from their poor slaves may

be illustrated by a single fact, the knowledge of

which came to me from a respectable source, and

though it appears most shocking to every humane

feeling, yet I believe it can be fully attested.

A wealthy citizen of Georgia, purchased, on

shipboard, six African girls, who probably were

directly from Africa, and having brought them

home, he put them into the hands of his overseer,

and ordered him to assign them a certain portion

of labor during each day of the week, and in case

they should fail to perform it, he was command-

ed to give them a considerable number of lashes

each, and to add the remainder of the task to the

next day's labor, and in case they should fail to

perform the whole he was ordered to add to the

number of lashes in proportion to the failure, and

still to add the deficiency to the next day's labor,

and thus he was daily to increase both the labor

and stripes in case of failure. The overseer, hard

hearted as he was, expostulated with him, and

assured him that the labor was more than the

girls were able to perform, but he swore with a

tremendous oath that they should do it or die.

The poor creatures commenced the dreadful task,

but being unaccustomed to such labor, their hands

were soon worn to the quick, they endured with

patience, and did all they could to perform

what was assigned them, but they were totally

unable to accomplish it—they failed on the first

day, and received the cruel lashes! The next

morning with sore backs and bleeding hands they

attempted the enlarged task—their hoehandles

grievous burdens of excessive toil. That men

will work their slaves to excess, must be expected

when the inordinate love of gain is the pre-

dominating principle in the whole system of in-

voluntary slavery. This principle induces many

slaveholders to employ such overseers as are des-

tute of humane feeling, and naturally propense

to cruelty, and thus well prepared to drive poor

slaves to the highest degree of excessive labor.

And in some instances they are given such an in-

terest in the pending crops as stimulates them to

the greatest severity in driving the miserable

creatures whom they oversee. Thus the prin-

ciples of avarice and cruelty unite in heaping

most oppressive burdens of labor upon slaves, and

under such circumstances, their situation is most

deplorable, must be obvious to every one capable

of reflection.

The same principle which induces some to

place their slaves under the most merciless over-

seers, prompts others to take theirs to public

places and let them for hire, to the highest bid-

ders. In this way slaves often fall into the hands

of the most cruel tyrants the world can produce,

and consequently are most grievously oppressed

by excessive labor—they must undergo whatever

an insatiable avarice is pleased to lay upon them,

and, like the ever yawning grave, it never says it

is enough—it never compassionates the weary

limbs of the poor enslaved Africans, nor proposes

rest to those whom it chains down to servile life.

It even drives them to the laborious task while

they are sinking under the influence of mortal

disease!

Those, who are unacquainted with the deprav-

ity of the human heart, may be disposed to be-

lieve it impossible that any should be so cruel as

to drive their slaves to work while they are la-

boring under mortal disease; but it can be estab-

lished by the best of testimony that slaves have

been thus driven, and that almost to the moment

of expiration!

A respectable gentleman, who is now a citizen

of Flemingsburg, Fleming county, Kentucky, was

when in the State of South Carolina, invited by

a slaveholder, to walk with him and take a view

of his farm. He complied with the invitation

thus given, and in their walk they came to a

place where the slaves were at work, and found

the overseer whipping one of them very severely

for not keeping pace with his fellows—in vain

the poor fellow alleged that he was sick, and

could not work.—The master seemed to think all

was well enough, hence he and the gentleman

passed on. In the space of an hour they return-

ed by the same way, and found that the poor

slave, who had been whipped as they first passed

by the field of labor, was actually dead! This I

have from unquestionable authority.

Thus we see that a merciless overseer will push

his hapless slave for his labor, to the last moment,

and follow him with the torturing lash into the

very gates of eternity!

Similar cruelty has happened in Kentucky. In

that state an unfeeling woman compelled a female

slave to labor during the space of four days after

she had received the mortal attack! Thus are

the poor creatures driven while their mortal frames

are able to move. And the manner in which

they are often treated after they are so reduced

by disease as to be no longer able to move is

equally cruel.

A respectable physician of my acquaintance

and now residing in the state of Alabama, did in

that state attend upon twenty slaves, who were

confined by severe fevers, and that in an open

pen without roof, and thus were exposed to every

plough his fields in the coming spring? To dig he

cannot, and to beg he is ashamed. Why, Sir,

we should have to fit out vessels, and bring them

back again. They are the very men that are

wanted at the South, and it is absurd to talk of

sending them all away.

But, Mr Chairman, when we urge the imme-

diat liberation of all slaves, we often hear the

advocates of the 'Colonization Society' exclaim,

while their countenances express wonder and sur-

prise, 'What, let loose two millions of slaves to

prowl upon Society!' This sentence I apprehend,

Mr Chairman, was coined at the south, and it

has been echoed here by many who have never

paused to consider, whether it conveys sense or

nonsense, truth or error. For my part, Sir, I can

perceive no meaning in the phrase, *let loose*. It

is not necessary to suppose, because the slaves

are liberated, that they must necessarily leave

their











## LITERARY.

## SLAVERY, AN ELEGY.

BY D. HUMPHREYS.

Heard ye a voice within, instinctive urge,  
To check the progress of unquenching war,  
Wrench from the grasp of tyranny his scourge,  
And crush ambition in his crimson iron car?  
That voice we heard, when Britain's long-famed  
host  
Our yeomen, new to arms, in battle smote;  
In love of country every passion lost,  
Our ravished souls to liberty devote.

If we to Heaven our unavailing vows  
For Poland raised—besought Heaven's righteous  
Lord,  
To rend the wreath from Austria's brows,  
And break of baneful leagues the threefold cord;  
With horror marked the Empress of the North,  
Her wheels yet reeking o'er the mooned host,  
Rouse the dull Russ, and call the Cossack forth  
From darkness dens of everlasting frost:

If on changeable Gaul, not coldly gazed,  
But loved the fair reforms by patriots planned,  
Till, fired by crimes, our indignation blazed,  
That democrats enraged should rule the land:  
If to Columbia's sons a tear I owed,  
Her captive men chained at Algiers long;  
If for their wrongs, my eyes, a fountain flowed,  
And thundered from my tongue the wrathful  
song:

Of every class, ye proud oppressors! hear!  
Monarchs and demagogues who realms enslave,  
Or ye who purchase bondmen; far and near,  
I hate your conduct, and your anger brave.

And chief, ye despots! to the strain attend!  
Shall coward millions to your will succumb?  
At your capricious nod whole millions bend,  
Or for resistance find a sudden tomb?

To Heaven be praise!—that Gothic spell is o'er,  
When, lulled by witcheries, Europe slept supine,  
And only dreamed of superstitious lore,  
Prescriptive power, and regal rights divine.

Strange seems to beings groping dim in dust,  
That He, whose light the dark enchantment  
broke,  
At times (his ways inscrutable as just)  
Still suffers man to smart beneath a yoke.

Ah! why will He, blest Arbiter on high,  
His bow with thunder charged and bickering fire,  
Not bare his arm to bid his terrors fly,  
And earth's fierce troublers at his frown expire?

Though conscience, oft, their raging pride to tame,  
Shall make them curse their triumphs earned by  
guilt,  
Compelled to hate their very idol, fame,  
And drink, inebriate, of the blood they spilt:

A retribution in joyous climes,  
Remains to make the moral scheme complete—  
Be joyful, earth! unburdened of their crimes;  
And Hell! rise grim, their coming shades to  
greet.

And less shall plagues pursue those planter-lords,  
Who, for proud wealth in slaves, their lot ap-  
plaud:  
Yet boast of liberty with guileful words,  
And preach 'all men were equals made by God':

Are ye the lords who treat your slaves as brutes?  
Heavens! how your deeds and doctrines disagree!  
Speak not of freedom!—for your lip pollutes  
Your holy oath, 'that man by birth is free.'

Blush not these men, to government elect,  
Thy cause, Equality! who quietly plead—  
And talk of declarations that protect  
Man's natural rights—nor name that hateful deed

Themselves have done to hold their blacks en-  
thrall,  
To dole no daily food save stunted corn—  
With whips to drive them, faint, with fetters  
galled—

To tasks unending—and of hope forlorn?  
Say, then, perfidious!—any, are ye alone—  
Exclusive patriots?—Freedom's only friends?  
Your eyeballs cased in scales, your hearts in stone,  
On you the frenzied curse of Heaven descends,

Ruin's forerunner! every art ye use  
To cheat the crowd with liberty's sweet name;  
With hypocrite cant promote your views,  
Increase ye slaves, and glory in your shame.

Was it for this, incomparably bold,  
Led by our godlike chief through climates  
far,  
We braved the summer's heat, the winter's cold,  
Preasting the dreadful engine of war.

Through eight long years, in many a gory field,  
High in the van, the starry flag unfurled,  
Till peace (with heroes' blood the treaty sealed)  
Confirmed man's equal rights in this new world?

What! while we hear the clank of slavery's chains,  
Mixed with discordant sounds of patriot zeal;  
While love of freedom throbs through veteran veins,  
For Africa's sons shall we no pity feel?

How long in vain shall Africa's race be mourned?  
In hopeless bondage, unredeemed, how long?  
No hand to help—with cries for justice spurned—  
Cringe at the cutting of the penal thong?

Ye planters! beshaws! cast one kind regard  
On blacks from Guinea brought for bartered gold;  
Or, blind to interest as of feeling hard,  
Can ye with cruel scorn their woes behold?

Will no good angel on the Lybean shore,  
Dash the cursed vessel destined to our climes;  
Ere yet augmented slaves with flames and gore  
Retort their wrongs and measure crimes for  
crimes?

Behold!—oh, horror!—Hayti's bloody strand!  
Mark! how the lesson erst by white men given,  
Not vainly taught the barbarous sable band,  
To claim the birth-right held alone from  
Heaven.

Dark rose the negroes—'t was the dread resolve,  
That right to rescue, or with it expire,  
Bade the strong bolts that bound their flesh dissolve,  
Like flaxen cords before devouring fire.

Once white men triumphed—black men now are  
free;

While fearful noises fluctuate on the wind,  
Late victors fly for safety to the sea,  
And not a haughty master lags behind.

Thou blot on nature, Slavery! disappear!  
Yet, monster! yet, a moment, from thy mouth,  
Shall gall and venom tinge the verdant year,  
And blast the glories of the boasted South.

Then, bright through bursting clouds the aurora  
trace!  
Though long the night, and murky lowered the  
sky,  
Lift up your heads! ye much enduring race!

Lift up your heads! for your redemption's night.

\* The coalition of Russia, Austria, and Prussia,  
for the partition of Poland.

† Few readers will have occasion to be informed  
that the banners of the Ottoman troops have crescent  
moons, for their armorial emblems.

‡ This refers to the late repeal of the law in  
South Carolina, which prohibited the importation of  
slaves. Since which, thousands have been introduced  
into that State from Africa.

§ One peck of Indian corn, in the grain, is the only  
food allowed to each slave for seven days, on many  
plantations. See the essay on the use of  
maize in the Appendix.

¶ There are individuals in the United States, who  
hold more of their fellow creatures in slavery, than  
either of the Barbary Powers.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## BURN'S SNUFF BOX.

Mr. Bacon an innkeeper at a celebrated posting  
house called Brownhill, about twelve miles north of  
Dumfries, was an intimate and almost inseparable  
associate of Robert Burns. Many a merry night did  
they spend together over their cups of foaming ale  
or howls of whiskey toddy, and on some of those oc-  
casions Burns composed several of his best convivial  
songs and cheerful glees. The bard and the innkeeper  
became so attached to each other that, as a token  
of regard, Burns gave to Bacon his snuff box, which  
for many years had been his pocket companion.

The knowledge of this gift was confined to a few of  
their jovial brethren until after Bacon's death, in  
1825, when his household furniture was sold by public  
auction on the 22nd of May. Amongst the other arti-  
cles, Mr. Bacon's snuff box was put up for sale  
and an individual bid a shilling for it. There was a  
general exclamation in the room that it was not  
worth twopenny, and the auctioneer seemed about to  
knock down the article, he looked on the lid and  
read, from an inscription upon it, with a tremendous  
voice, 'Robert Burns, Officer of the Excise.'

Scarcely had he uttered the words of the inscription  
when shilling after shilling was rapidly and confusedly  
offered for this relic of Scotland's bard; the greatest  
anxiety prevailed while the bidding proceeded,  
and it was finally knocked down for £5. The box  
is made of the tip of a horn neatly turned round  
at the point; its lid is plainly mounted with silver,  
on which is engraved the following inscription—

'ROBT. BURNS,  
OFFICER  
OF  
THE EXCISE.'

I was present at the sale and amongst the other  
individuals then assembled partook, from Burn's box,  
of a pinch of snuff, which I thought was the most  
pleasant I ever tasted. Mr. Munell, of Cloburna,  
was the fortunate purchaser and present possessor of  
the box, and will doubtless retain it as long as he  
lives, in honor of him whose name and fame will  
never die.

LITERATURE. In this money-loving age, and  
we may add, this money-loving country, where  
Mammon is worshipped more devoutly than Minerva,  
the most unprofitable pursuit, in a pecuniary  
point of view, which a man can devote his time  
and talents, is that of literature—unless, indeed,  
like IRVING or COOPER, he possess the tact of  
striking upon the popular vein, or have the good  
fortune to secure the favor of some popular Reviewer.

In ordinary cases, whatever may be his absolute  
merit, the unfortunate writer utterly fails, and he  
finds too late, that instead of trimming the midnight  
lamp in poring over the classic pages of ancient  
learning, it would have been far better that his eyes  
had grown dim over the day-book and ledger, and  
instead of studying the laws of chemistry with a  
Lavoisier, it would have been better for him to have  
pored over the pages and solved the problems of old  
Pike or Croker. A literary man, that is one who  
does not unite the talent of money-making with his  
love of literature, is regarded by the mass of man-  
kind, rather as a link in the varied chain of creation,  
than as a being of any absolute use. Sir William  
Jones, a man of extensive learning and science, who  
had read and studied men as well as books, in one  
of his works, has the following remarks, on the pro-  
fession of literature, which are as applicable at the  
present day, as at the time when they were written.

'It is a painful consideration that the profession of  
literature, by far the most laborious of any, leads to  
no real benefit or true glory whatsoever. Poetry,  
science, letters, when they are not made the sole  
business of life, may become its ornaments in pros-  
perity, and its most pleasing consolation in a change  
of fortune; but if man addicts himself entirely to  
learning, and hopes by that, either to raise a family,  
or to acquire that so many wish for, and few ever  
attain, an honorable retirement in his declining age,  
he will find, when it is too late, that he has mistaken  
his path; that other labors, other studies are neces-  
sary, and that unless he can assert his own indepen-  
dence, in active life, it will avail him little to be  
favored by the learned, esteemed by the eminent, re-  
commended even by Kings.'—*Louisville Herald*.

## SACRILEGE.

The anniversary of Bennington Battle, it seems,  
was celebrated on the 16th ult. at North Benning-  
ton, in the usual half christian half Bacchanalian  
manner of our public festivals. One of the thirty-  
eight toasts drunk on the occasion, is given as fol-  
lows: 'By L. Sherwood. The wine we drink—  
Inasmuch as it is emblematical of the crimson tor-  
rent that flowed from the beating arteries of our  
patriotic fathers on the day we celebrate—as often as  
we drink it, let us drink it in remembrance of them.'  
We know nothing of 'L. Sherwood'; but such an  
application of the language of our Lord, on one of  
the most affecting occasions of his life, we must re-  
gard as awfully profane and impious, and deserving  
the reprehension of all good men. Indeed we place  
a low estimate on that species of patriotism which  
manifests itself in drunken revels. Nothing better  
can be expected when the moral sense is drowned  
and stupefied in the intoxicating bowl, than that 'the  
heart should utter perverse things.'

Quere. Is it proper for Ministers of the gospel  
to take part in the religious services, which usually  
precede these scenes of intemperance and riot, in  
our patriotic celebrations.—*Vermont Telegraph*.

TEMPERANCE. As an evidence of the benefi-  
cial influence of Temperance Societies, we notice  
that in 1825, there were 457 licenses granted in Es-  
sex county. In 1831, with a great increase of popu-  
lation the number was reduced to 355.

Benefits of Temperance.—Among the sailors re-  
cently discharged from the sloop of War Vincennes,  
at this port, was one who had been on board but 21  
months, at 12 dollars per month, who received more  
money on the pay day than any other sailor, although  
some had spent three years on board at 18 dollars  
per month! The mystery is explained in a few  
words. He drank no ardent spirits. In-  
stead of taking allowance with the rest, he availed  
himself of the privilege offered by the Secretary of  
the Navy and received his allowance in cash.

Unlike those miserable beings who only follow the  
sea that they may collect enough to carouse awhile  
on shore, and when the 'last shilling is spent, are  
driven to sea for more,—unlike them, this tem-  
perate sailor has gone ashore to enjoy the society of  
his domestic circle,—purposing again to ship in the  
public service in a few weeks, as a very pleasant  
means of obtaining a living—preferring it to the mer-  
chant service. He has drank no ardent spirit for  
fourteen years.—*Portsmouth Journal*.

Don Miguel's Mother.—In one of the cells of  
a Parisian mad house is confined a noble Portuguese,  
whose brother only twelve years of age, was hanged  
at Coimbra as the accomplice of a plan to overthrow  
the existing form of government! 'What shall we  
do with this child?' said the chief judge to a woman;  
'he is only twelve years old.' 'Twelve years old!' she  
replied, 'so much the better! Let him be hanged  
forthwith, he will sup with angels; and let his  
brother (who was a little older) witness the execu-  
tion from the foot of the scaffold.' The woman who  
thus commanded the cold-blooded murder of the  
child was the mother of the present tyrant of Portu-  
gal. The execution took place; and the brother  
who witnessed this horrible spectacle lost his senses.  
The care and ability of Dr. Blanche restored him to  
health; but still pursued by the phantom of his brother's  
strangled corpse he became mad the second  
time.

BROKEN HEARTS. There is a certain cant  
among authors touching the more delicate feel-  
ings of woman—their strong susceptibilities—and  
liabilities to that interesting climax of wretched-  
ness—a broken heart; but I believe there are as  
many men die of broken hearts as women; in-  
deed the only broken heart I ever saw was that  
of a man. It was in the Anatomical Museum of  
the celebrated Mr. Brookes, who introduced it to  
my notice with all the pathos of which he was  
capable. 'Here,' said he, 'is the palpable illus-  
tration of a broken heart'—this heart, Sir, is the heart of—  
'Of whom?' said I, impatient at his pause. 'Of a coal  
heaver,' said he, 'who died suddenly from the effects  
of that rant, caused by overstrained exertion in  
carrying a heavy sack of coals!'—*Wilmot Warwick*.

Destructive fire at Newfoundland.—A fire  
broke out at Harbor Grace on the 19th ult. which  
destroyed a great number of buildings, and other  
valuable property, in the centre of the town, in-  
cluding the Established Church. Ninety seven  
families, comprising upwards of 600 individuals,  
were deprived of their homes. The loss is esti-  
mated at £60,000, and very little insurance. A  
large quantity of gunpowder, in the premises of  
Ridley & Co., exploded soon after the fire broke  
out; this carried the burning masses of wood in  
every direction, and made the conflagration so  
general that the inhabitants became panic struck,  
and thought only of saving their lives.

MORE MYSTERY. The Hingham Gazette states  
that a chest and some other articles were found in a  
swamp about half a mile from Scituate harbor, sup-  
posed to have been left there by two persons, who  
came there on Friday, and staid in the swamp till  
Saturday morning. A letter was also found torn  
in pieces, written by Parker Cook, of Provincetown,  
to some persons in Harwich.—The persons were af-  
terwards seen in Marshfield woods.

A most daring attempt was made on the 16th,  
to destroy the lumber yards of Messrs. Herring, Kirby  
and others, in Baltimore, by setting fire to a stable  
owned by Mr. H. and situated in his yard, which  
was surrounded by immense piles of lumber and  
other combustible materials. Fortunately, however,  
the wind being light and the evening pleasant, it  
was soon discovered, and the fire companies having  
arrived at the spot in a few minutes, succeeded in  
arresting its progress before it had communicated to  
the lumber.

A patient in one of the French hospitals tells a  
curious story of the way in which he received his  
wound. He met a man in arms in the street, who  
commanded him to cry what he thought. Taken  
by surprise, he did not know whether to cry for the  
king or the republic; and, in consequence of his  
hesitation, received a thrust of a bayonet in his side.

GOOD! The editor of the Richmond Whig has  
declared that 'he will not aid in any attempt to in-  
jure the private reputation of any man because he  
may differ from him in political sentiment.'—The  
principal is correct—it should be inscribed in  
characters both legible and durable, upon the walls of  
every printing office, and of every State House and  
Capitol in the country. Moreover, it should be  
committed to memory by every politician, and fre-  
quently repeated for the benefit of the rising genera-  
tion.

MISTAKING A CUSTOMER. A young buck of  
the city journeying lately through Worcester co.,  
endeavored to show himself off by quizzing the  
farmers. He was passing a field of corn which a  
boy was hoeing. The season had been cold and  
backward, and the corn looked rather yellow. The  
young dandy stuck his head out of the window of  
the stage and bawled out, 'Boy, what makes your  
corn look so yellow?' The boy raised up his head  
and bawled out in return, 'Why, we planted  
yaller corn, you darned fool you!'

THE PIRATES. Villereal, commandant of the  
Mexican armed sloop, Montezuma, which was cap-  
tured by the Grampus, for an act of piracy upon the  
American schooner, was examined at New-Orleans,  
3d inst. before his honor Judge Harper. The arti-  
cles which were taken from the American vessel,  
he says, were given gratuitously, even his writing  
desk, containing her papers, and the letters to the  
consignees!! The prisoners were remanded for  
further examination.

An Indiana paper states that the eccentric ite-  
rant preacher, Adam Payne, has been murdered by  
the Indians in Illinois. His body has been found  
with the head cut off and entirely skinned. It is  
supposed that it was taken as a curiosity, as he al-  
ways wore his beard and hair remarkably long.  
When killed, he had \$6000 about him, part in sil-  
ver and the balance in paper. The silver was ta-  
ken, but the paper left.

Eighty years ago there was only one public school  
in what is now called the town of Lynn.

DUEL. A duel was fought at Charleston S. C.  
on Saturday the 8th inst. between George Robert-  
son and Theodore Gaillard, in which it appears by  
some notes passed between the seconds subsequent-  
ly, that two shots were exchanged when the affair  
terminated. The quarrel originated at the late elec-  
tion.

The Detroit papers of the 29th mention that great  
injury had been done by the frost to the corn in that  
quarter.

Self generating gas lamps are advertised in New-  
York. The oil is put into the reservoir of the lamp,  
and issues from the aperture transformed into gas.

There was a slight frost at Elmira, Ohio, on the  
night of the 24th August.

The Salem papers speak in the highest terms of  
the German musicians, and of their performances in  
that place.

RAPID COMPOSITION. D'Israeli says he wrote  
Vivian Gray, (which is in two common size 12mo  
volumes) in six days!

ONE DISEASE FOLLOWS ANOTHER. The  
Cholera seems to have subsided in Montreal; we  
hear no further reports of deaths or cases; but on  
the 20th ult. a grand Masquerade was held at the  
theatre in that city.

The trial of Williams, indicted for the murder in  
Olney's Lane, Providence, resulted in a verdict of  
'voluntary manslaughter.' The other capital trials  
are postponed to the adjourned session which is fixed  
for the third Monday in October next.

A writer in the old Quebec Gazette states that  
the total number of deaths by cholera throughout  
the Province of Lower Canada, in three months,  
out of a population of about half a million, exceeds  
the total deaths in Great Britain, with a population  
of three millions, in six months.

Miss Harriet Livermore was at Cincinnati last  
week; it is stated that she intends to devote the re-  
mainder of her days to the instruction of the Indians  
in the truth of the Gospel.

Coal is now selling in Philadelphia at from seven  
to eight dollars per ton.

The government of Spain has taken measures to  
correct the practice which has obtained in some of  
the ports of Cuba, of increasing the tonnage duty on  
American vessels, by an enormous measurement of  
their capacity.

The house of worship of the first Baptist Church  
in Providence, has recently been repaired and im-  
proved, and a fine toned organ, the gift of Nicholas  
Brown, Esq. placed in the gallery.

The Illinois papers complain of the treachery of  
the Winnebagoes, during the late campaign, observ-  
ing, that they became friendly only when they dis-  
covered how it was likely to terminate.

One of the banks of the Presumpscott river, near  
Pride's Bridge, says the Portland Advertiser of the  
27th, carved in yesterday, and so blocked up the  
current of the river as to force it into another chan-  
nel.

ANOTHER QUICK PASSAGE. The steamboat  
Erie, capt. Vandewater, arrived at Albany last week  
in the unprecedented short time of eight hours and  
fifty-seven minutes, from New-York, exclusive of  
landings and loss of time, or nine hours and twenty-  
three minutes, including landings.

The Springfield (Ill) Journal says that the wheat  
of this season is of a fine quality. Two bushels, af-  
ter deducting the toll (one fifth) yielded 108 pounds  
of flour.

ROBBERY. The shop of Mr James Webb,  
Jeweller, in Baltimore, was broken open on the  
night of the 24th, and robbed of many valuable arti-  
cles.

The Boston Directory for 1832, gives the names  
of 139 Smiths, 111 Browns, 76 Williams, 75  
Clarks, 65 Johnsons, 57 Whites, 35 Greens, 30  
Grays, and 204 Macs.

## MORAL.

## TRUTH IS POWER.

Some men say that 'wealth is power,' and  
some that 'talent is power,' and some that  
'knowledge is power,' and others that 'authority  
is power;' but there is an apothegm that I would  
place on high above them all, when I would as-  
sert that 'truth is power.' Wealth cannot pur-  
chase—talent cannot refute—knowledge cannot  
overreach—authority cannot silence her; they all  
lie into the most tremendous billows of popular  
commotion; cast her into the seven-fold heated  
furnace of the tyrant's wrath: she mounts aloft,  
in the ark, upon the summit of the deluge; she  
walks with the Son of God, untouched, through  
the conflagration. She is the ministering spirit  
who sheds on man that bright and indestructible  
principle of life, light, and glory, which is given  
by his Mighty Author to animate, illuminate, and  
inspire the immortal soul, and which, like him-  
self, 'is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.'  
When the mould has long been heaped on all the  
pride of wealth, and talent, and knowledge, and  
authority; when earth, and heaven itself, shall  
have passed away, truth shall rise, like the angel  
of Manoah's sacrifice, upon the flame of nature's  
funeral pyre, and ascend to her source, her hea-  
ven, and her home—the bosom of the holy and  
eternal God.

## STRENGTH OF PRINCIPLE.

The following anecdote is taken from a note  
in Southey's Life of Wesley:

Beware—says Wesley—of forming a hasty  
judgment concerning the fortune of others. There  
may be secrets in the situation of a person, which  
few but God are acquainted with. Some years  
since, I told a gentleman, Sir, I am afraid you  
are covetous. He asked me, What is the reason  
of your fears? I answered, A year ago, when  
I made a collection for the expense of repairing  
the Foundry, you subscribed five guineas. At  
the subscription made this year, you subscribed  
only half a guinea. He made no reply; but after  
a time asked, Pray, Sir, answer me one question:  
—why do you live upon potatoes? (I did so be-  
tween three and four years.) I replied, It has  
much conduced to my health. He answered, I  
believe it has. But did you not do it likewise to  
save money? I said, I did, for what I save from  
my own meat, will feed another that else would  
have none. But, Sir, said he, if this be your mo-  
tive, you may save much more. I know a man  
that goes to the market at the beginning of every  
week, there buys a penny-worth of parsnips,  
which he boils in a large quantity of water. The  
parsnips serve him for food, and the water for  
drink the ensuing week, so his meat and drink  
together cost him only a penny a week. This  
he constantly did, though he had then two hun-  
dred pounds a year, to pay the debts which he  
had contracted before he knew God! And this  
was he, whom I had set down as a covetous man.

## AUTUMN EVENING.

These are the true seasons for improvements.  
The weariness and dust and heat of summer are  
over. The air is cool—and nature puts on her  
robes of pensiveness and contemplation, so that  
mankind have little to divert them from the noble  
duty of storing the mind with wisdom during the  
calm and glorious evening of autumn. Sit down,  
ye young journeyers to eternity; spread before  
you the bright pages of literature and morality,  
and never let pleasure rob your evenings of their  
innocence, and cloud your mornings with languor  
and repentance.

HUMILITY. If thou art a vessel of gold, thy  
brother but of wood, be not high-minded, it is  
God that maketh thee to differ; the more thou  
knowest, the more thou art indebted to him. Thou  
art the highest of all created beings, the goodliest  
mines that are richest are deepest, those stars  
are the highest seem smallest, the goodliest build-  
ings have the lowest foundation; the more God knoweth  
the more they should humble themselves; the  
more the fruit, the lower the branch on which it  
grows; pride is ever the companion of emptiness.  
O, how full was the apostle, yet how low was his  
language of himself,—'Least of saints, least of ap-  
ostles, chief of sinners, no sufficiency to think, no abili-  
ty to do;' all that he is, he is by grace; thus hu-  
mility teaches us in our doings to draw strength  
from God, not from ourselves; in our graces to  
ascribe their goodness to God, and their weakness to  
ourselves.—*Reynolds*.

## From the London Child's Magazine.

## THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

O Thou! the helpless orphan's hope  
For whom alone my eyes look up  
In each distressing day;  
Father, for that's the sweetest name  
That e'er these lips were taught to frame,  
Instruct this heart to pray.

Low in the dust my parents lie;  
And no attentive ear is nigh  
But thine to mark my we;  
No hand to wipe away my tears,  
No gentle voice to hush my fears,  
Remains to me below.

To heaven my earthly friends are gone,  
And thither are my comforts flown;  
But I continue here!  
Be thou my Pattern,—Friend and Guide  
Of those who have no hope beside!  
And what have I to fear?

If I am spared throughout the span  
That makes the narrow life of man,  
And reach to hoary age,  
Instruct me in thy holy will,  
Teach me the duties to fulfil  
Of each successive stage.

But if thy wisdom should decree  
An early sepulchre for me,  
Father, thy will be done!  
Upon my Saviour I rely;  
And if I live, or if I die,  
O leave me not alone!

## PROSPECTUS

## OF

## THE WORLD,

As it is—and As it should be.

C. W. DENISON, EDITOR.

Published, every Saturday, from No. 1,

Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

THIS paper, although it has now reached only  
the twenty-sixth number of the first volume,  
is favored already with an extensive circulation.  
At the present time, however, when great efforts  
are made by those interested, to introduce pe-  
riodicals which are directly opposed to what we  
deem the pure doctrines of the word of truth,  
and, especially, such periodicals as are calculated  
to stay the spread of moral light among the be-  
nighted and poorer classes of the human race—it  
is thought that such a Journal as this, in con-  
nection with the thousands of a kindred spirit now in  
existence, should be generously supported.

'THE WORLD' is devoted to the cause of  
that large and respectable body of Christians de-  
nominated 'Particular Baptists'—but, still, it  
will humbly endeavor to advance the general  
cause of Jesus Christ in the world. Doctrinal  
discussions, moral essays, and literary effusions,  
will continue to find places in our columns, under  
the usual regulations. The Revival Department,  
will contain succinct accounts of the triumphs of  
'the sacramental hosts of God's elect,' as often  
as possible; and the Journal of the Day, will be  
stored with as many notices of the goings on of  
national affairs, at home and abroad, as can fea-  
sibly be inserted.

In fine, the most strenuous exertions will be  
made to render 'The World' generally and pre-  
specially interesting, to all who may authorize their  
names to be inserted on the subscription list.

The following is a general abstract of the terms  
of publication:  
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